Therapy

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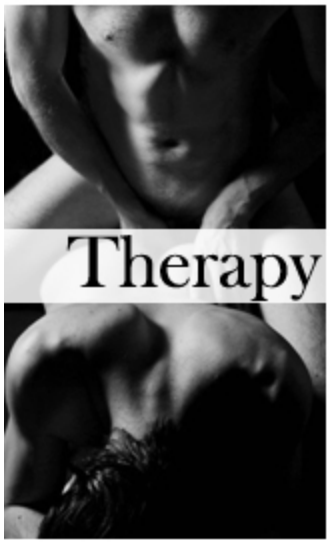
Therapy

by TigerPrawn

Summary

A rewrite/continuation of Hannigram + post sex dream therapy session



AO3: TigerPrawn

Will's skin tingled under Hannibal's hands as they ran slowly up his back. He was on all fours, and his forehead dropped down to his braced arms as he tried to catch his breath. The anticipation already had him almost vibrating off of the bed, and now Hannibal was fully seated inside him he thought he might implode. He was already over sensitive from what felt like hours of Hannibal licking and nuzzling at his hole, before fingering him open. He'd never been more thoroughly rimmed in his life.

"Hannibal… move…" He moaned.

Hannibal was still running his hands lovingly over his back, stock still since he'd bottomed out hors, or possibly just moments, before. Will felt so deliciously full, so complete. The pleasure was almost agony and the wait for Hannibal to start moving was wringing him out.

His own cock was hanging hard and heavy between his legs. Leaking and desperate for friction.

"Please…" He tried to rock back but Hannibal's gentle hands suddenly tightened, taking hold of his hips and holding him in place.

"All good things…" Hannibal muttered, his voice a low rumble that vibrated through Will and made his balls ache. Will was about to protest but then Hannibal did move - slowly pulling back, and pushing back in. Shallow, teasing thrusts that only served to make Will want Hannibal to move faster, harder, rougher.

Hannibal began to increase his strokes, still managing to be gentle as he pulled back further and thrust deeper each time.

"Fuck me…" Will pleaded.

The words pulled a soft hum of pleasure and agreement from Hannibal and Will felt him adjust his position ever so slightly for better balance. And then Will drew a shuddering breath

in anticipation.

When Hannibal pulled back again, he changed angle as he pushed forward, pegging Will perfectly. Will cried out, his cock jumping and smearing a little precum on his belly where it slapped him.

He didn't have a moment to recover before Hannibal was fucking into him, hard and rough. Will's whole body fell further forward until his face was practically mashed into the pillow. All the while he groaned and grunted, taking the exquisitely pained pleasure that Hannibal gave him.

Will's cock ached and he could feel his balls on the very edge of spilling. He just needed to...

When he went to take himself in hand, Hannibal batted him away.

"No…" He panted, his tone commanding and firm. "You'll come on my cock or not at all."

The words made Will sob out another moan, nodding his head in agreement as Hannibal slammed him into the bed, harder and harder. Each thrust was a quick and hard push against his prostate, but never quite enough.

When Hannibal's breaths came in ragged gasps, Will was sure he would shortly come - fill Will completely with his seed. And the thought was almost enough to send Will over the edge. Almost.

What actually did it was Hannibal changing angle again, fucking deep into him at the perfect position to slam Will's prostate over and over. A few more thrusts and Will felt his whole body shudder, and every limb turn to jelly as his climax punched through him. Every nerve in his body exploded and he spurted sticky, hot come up the bed beneath him.

Hannibal was relentless in chasing his own pleasure, continuing to fuck through Will's tightening ass, his fingers digging deep into the flesh of Will's hips.

With a long groan of pleasure and a stuttering of his hips, Will felt Hannibal spill hot and wet inside him, filling him further as he thrust a few more times.

When Hannibal finally pulled out, Will collapsed to the bed, feeling the cold come beneath him instantly hit his skin. It was a weird sensation, but nothing to the feeling of Hannibal's come slowly leaking out of his flexing asshole.

"Perfectly debauched. Precious boy." Hannibal crooned, running a hand over the rump of Will's ass. "Delicious."

He knew Hannibal was licking his lips and desperately wanted his mouth on him again.

"Hannibal..." Will pleaded, lifting his ass slightly in offering and hoping his lover got the hint and cleaned up the mess he'd made...

Will woke with a start.

Dripping with sweat and achingly hard. He was panting, blinking, trying to clear the images from his head even as he placed a hand on his cock to try and relieve the throbbing there.

He couldn't fucking believe he'd had a sex dream about Doctor Hannibal Lecter.

*

Will's rampant disbelieve over the dream didn't make his cock any less demanding of attention.

He tried to ignore it, but by the time he was in the shower his erection was painful and not going anywhere anytime soon. Not in the least helped by the action replay of the dream that his brain kept insisting on. It had been so damn real!

He'd experimented a little in college, back when he still had the nerve to pick up guys. He might have even considered himself bisexual if he hadn't grown up the way he did, where he had. It wasn't something people were. It had never been an issue, until now. But that damn dream!

He'd been rimmed and fingered a couple of times, and had topped a guy this one time, but beyond that his active imagination had run riot.

In the shower the water actually hurt as it ran over his engorged length. Enough was enough. Will soaped up his hand and went to work, trying to think of anything but Hannibal Lecter whilst he stroked himself. That was easier said than done - images of being rimmed, being fucked came back to his mind. But even more so, Hannibal's voice. Rumbling soft but commanding words - praising him.

The words *beautiful boy* in Hannibal's cool drawl bounced around his mind as he came. He shot his load hard and fast against the tiles, crying out as he did so - one of the most powerful orgasms he'd had in years. His legs trembled and he had to hold himself up against the wall.

Will's mortified embarrassment became less about the dream, and more about how much he'd got off on it.

*

Will wished to hell that he'd been able to get that damn dream out of his mind, but it had plagued him all day. Through his classes, through his office hours. All the drive over to his therapy session. Because of course, of all days to wake from the most intense and explicit sex dream he'd had in his life, it would be one where he had to spend an hour with the subject of said dream.

The session started with the usual platitudes, and as that often included Will being his usual salty self, Hannibal likely saw no difference in his behaviour. He was snappy and irritable, which wasn't uncommon around Hannibal Lecter anyway. He'd always thought that it was because of his loathing psychoanalysis, but it was more than that. He didn't treat Alana this way… but then, he hadn't just had a raunchy sex dream about Alana.

Fuck.

The realisation of his real life attraction, outside of his dream, shook him. He felt the blood drain from his face at the same time as a blush rose on his cheeks, making him feel slightly nauseous.

"Are you quite well, Will?"

It took Will a moment to realise Hannibal had stopped waxing lyrical about Will giving too much of himself over to Jack, and that he shouldn't be worried about setting boundaries.

Hannibal's question, clearly aimed at his flushed state, made Will redden all the more. He should have called and cancelled.

No, he should just suck it up and not let this bother him. Instead, the rather explicit and indecent dream he'd had overnight about Dr Lecter made him feel like a teenager with an inappropriately timed boner. Not that he was hard. Not now. Not yet.

Fuck!

"I, uh... Bad dreams." He lied. His eyes drawn to Lecter, who today of all days, had decided to remove his jacket in the temperate weather. His vest was perfectly fitted and his tie was slightly loose, though the top button of his shirt was still fastened. Will's mind very unhelpfully supplied the image of him popping that button open and removing Hannibal's tie whilst the doctor grinned at him with that skillful mouth...

Dammit!

Will wanted to pretend he hadn't noticed the doctor's physique before, that it hadn't informed his dreams in the least. He squirmed as the dream continued to return in flashes.

"It seems to have made you very uncomfortable. Would you like to discuss it?"

"No." Will all but shouted. He cleared his throat.

Lecter raised a brow at the outburst, making Will feel both childish and rude, which he normally wouldn't have cared about. It wasn't like he hadn't been rude to Hannibal many times in the past. But it felt strange now, he felt incredibly conscious of it.

"I... It was... I dreamt about someone I… Someone I know. It was… uncomfortable."

"Violent?" Hannibal cocked his head with the query, looking so utterly judgement free that Will almost wished he could have said yes. It might have been easier - but the idea of anyone thinking he had violent dreams was too close to comfort - given his usual nightmares.

"No, god no… um."

"Ah." Hannibal's tone was one of realisation and his eyes had a new shine to them. There was a slight twitch of his lips into an almost smile, before he controlled the expression.

“Ah?” Will squirmed again and felt his face burn, not liking where this was going.

"Your dream was sexual.” Hannibal stated, brooking no argument and keeping his voice level. No emotion or opinion obvious. “It’s nothing to be embarrassed about Will. Dreams may be informed by elements of the waking world, but they are beyond our control. Merely our brain processing data. You needn't read anything into it if you would prefer not to. You certainly shouldn't feel that you must act upon it."

That slight grin was there again, a brief flash of it before Hannibal’s expression became passive once more.

“Wh- act on...?” Will swallowed and squirmed in the chair again, the phrasing surprising him - catching him off guard.

Hannibal’s eyes narrowed in on him then - like he was prey, the grin fully revealing itself and spreading - both knowing and amused. Cruelly alurring.

Despite the smile, Hannibal continued to speak in a completely professional tone -

“It is common for intense dreams to play on a person’s mind. And there can be a temptation to act them out in some way. Which, of course can be cathartic, but equally should be tempered with common sense.”

Will nodded numbly, still not sure what was actually happening. Maybe this was all still a dream? It certainly felt surreal enough.

“What are you saying?” Will knew his face was scrunched with incredulity as he said it, and Hannibal’s grin softened but remained predatory.

“That talking about these things can be helpful. As I said, dreams are our brain’s way of processing data. This can be indicative of something that has been consuming your thoughts.” Hannibal’s voice was low and sensual. “Is there something that has been playing on your mind, Will?”

Hannibal’s tone and his gaze at Will could only be described as salacious.

Fuck.

Hannibal knew that Will's dream had been about him.

Will felt ruffled, caught out. There was a moment of panic that flooded through him and he wondered how he could possibly save face. Maybe he should just get up and walk out, never see the doctor again. Which of course was a massive overreaction and childish but it felt almost like a valid option.

“I thought dream analysis to be more the realm of teenage magazines than professional therapy.” Will huffed.

Hannibal raised a brow before folding his leg over his knee and steepling his fingers and placing them on his raised knee.

“Freud believed dreams represented a disguised fulfillment of a repressed wish. He believed that studying dreams provided the easiest road to understanding the unconscious activities of the mind” Hannibal countered. “In such a way dreams and therapy go hand in hand.”

“Didn’t he also have an unhealthy obsession with his mother.” Will quirked a brow and hoped to change to discussion with his usual reliance on deflection.

“That is an… oversimplification. I suspect you know that.” Hannibal called him on his bullshit. "And this is your therapy session, not his."

Will huffed again and clenched his jaw.

“You seem flustered Will, can I get you some water?” Hannibal put on an act of concern. “Please let me reassure you again that this is quite natural and nothing to be embarrassed about.”

Will snapped. “The fact that you *keep* saying that makes me feel like… like you’re goading me.” His words were angry with a side of flustered.

“I can assure you I only have your best interests in mind. Perhaps discussing the particular acts involved would help you pinpoint specific issues you might need addressing? Hm?” Hannibal’s voice was one of the consummate professional.

“No!” Will barked the word in horrified shock at the suggestion.

“Sex is very natural Will, there is no need to be concerned. And as you know, I was a medical doctor - it is all rather…” Hannibal waved his hand dismissively, “academic to me.”

Will swallowed, he was really not discussing sex with Hannibal fucking Lecter.

Clearly he hesitated too long because Hannibal continued -

“I will assume from your discomfort that this was more than… heavy petting.” He raised a brow at Will as he said this but didn’t wait for any kind of response. “Perhaps oral sex? Frottage of some kind?”

“You’re the fisherman now, doctor.” Will put on a front, forced out the words and kept his anger from them. Kept them level. “I’m not sure your lures are enough to tempt information from me.”

“Quite.” Hannibal gave a short and low chuckle, amused by Will biting back.

Interesting.

“Perhaps I am fishing for a reaction, if you want this to be a guessing game.” Hannibal said, a teasing note to his voice.

“I’m not in the habit of playing games, doctor Lecter.” Will replied, feeling a little more control over the situation.

“This seems to have bothered you quite a bit, talking about it should be encouraged - it isn’t a game. Was the object of your affections in this dream in some way… inappropriate? Perhaps someone who you wouldn’t consider in the waking world? Is that the cause of your concern?”

Will said nothing, his gaze steely as he held everything in.

“Was it Jack Crawford, Will?”

Will could see the smirk beneath the surface, making Hannibal’s taunt completely clear. That only tempered Will’s outrage at the suggestion a little. Hannibal clearly fucking knew the truth, but was determined to play this game he insisted was not happening.

Will could either play or opt out - stand up and leave or give as good as he got. He clenched his fist against the arm of the chair. Sitting on a fine line and unsure which way to go for the sake of his own modesty and sanity.

Before Will could decide, Hannibal licked his lips. Slowly, whilst not dropping Will’s gaze. A purposeful action designed to further ensure that Will knew that doctor Lecter knew perfectly well the content and characters of Will’s dream. He might as well have fucking read his mind!

And that decided Will. Completely. Returning to the glint in Hannibal’s eyes, the enjoyment he clearly felt when Will had bitten back minutes earlier.

He mirrored the action and coolly looked at Hannibal, saying nothing - holding his eye contact in a way he often avoided. In a way Hannibal knew he usually avoided, and had commented on.

If Hannibal was going to play this game, then Will would too, and he would beat him. If there’s one thing Will knew how to be, it was unprofessional.

After a moment Hannibal looked away, his smirk still in place but it twitched a little on his pouting lips. Perhaps he understood the game had changed. Or rather, had been joined.

“Not fond of eye contact?” Will couldn’t help the jibe, strangely enjoying the way Hannibal smiled at the comment as he met his eyes again.

“Eyes are distracting.” Hannibal growled the words. “Hard to focus.”

“Am I throwing you off your game, Doctor Lecter?”

“Is that your intention?” Hannibal’s voice was smooth but his tone and expression were almost professional once more.

“I am free of intention. Just two people having conversations, right?” He quirked his brow.

“A conversation you seem to be avoiding at the moment. Tell me Will, do you struggle with sexual intimacy?” Hannibal’s expression was nothing but professional.

Will let out a dark chuckle. “Really doctor? I’m surprised your fishing lacks such finesse. Such low hanging fruit. Should I tell you about my mother too?”

“And you continue to excel at avoidance.” Hannibal retorted with a light laugh of his own. “Perhaps this is why you have such dreams? Are you avoiding something, Will? Something that your subconscious is trying to tell you?”

Will cocked his head, observing Hannibal and wondering how far he could turn these tables.

“Very well, doctor. If you think my describing the dream would help in… whatever issue my mind is trying to resolve.” Will agreed, Hannibal giving a curt nod in agreement. “It did involve sex with someone who would perhaps be deemed inappropriate. Certainly, it would be frowned upon, professionally.”

Hannibal set in with his little nods and that general demeanour of listening and taking it all in, assessing and ready to advice in his capacity as psychiatrist.

Will took in a steadying breath - an act, putting on this performance as part of the game. He scrubbed a hand roughly over his face before leaning forward in the chair and resting his elbows on his legs. After a moment he looked up at Hannibal, not entirely unaware that in his dream he was in a similar position.

“This… professional. They first penetrated me with their tongue.” Will said it liked a confession that took a lot from him.

“And how did that make you feel?” Total professionalism from the asshole sat across from him.

If you’d ever been tongue fucked you’d know it made me feel fucking amazing. Will wanted to snap, but he held it all back, allowing a shudder that was only partially an act.

“Aroused.” Will finally said, looking away. “Inappropriately so.”

“And, are you aroused now Will?”

The question surprised him, too many cards showing in that hand. It likely showed on his face as he looked quizzically at Hannibal - who then made a show of finding a more comfortable position in his chair. He adjusted his seat, uncrossing and then crossing his legs the opposite way.

What a fucking show! Whether or not Hannibal was actually aroused himself, it seemed clear that he wanted Will to believe he was. And maybe he was daring him to confront him, but that would give away the power Will had in this.

“Not especially.” Will replied, matter of factly.

Hannibal shot him a knowing grin. And that was the point where Will was completely sure that Hannibal was, in fact, currently aroused. But what made Will huff a laugh was that Hannibal’s arousal was clearly not based in his knowledge that he was the star of Will’s sex dream, but in the back and forth that had resulted from it.

Perhaps Hannibal was right - maybe this was a repressed wish. And he was pretty sure he was done repressing.

Will started to get hard. Again.

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